

November 8, 1946

## Department

Vaccinations

Free Influenza

In December

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Medical Department

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(ued from Page 1)

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## ce A Sell-Out

, plans are going ahead

Promenade to be held

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THIS IS WHY:

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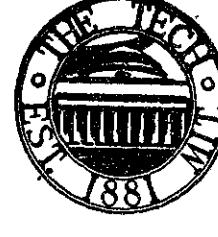
DEMUTH

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E 25 FILTERS

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# The Tech



96

LXVI, No. 26

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1946

PRICE TEN CENTS

## Dr. Compton Asked To Resign

### Letters to the Editor

141 Suicide Drive  
Wentbridge, Mass.  
November 14, 1946

Editor, THE TECH  
Walker Memorial  
Dear Sir:

My name is Rasmussen Q. Petrol. I go to Tech. I am a Mekanikal engineer in course 2. I got a problem. This is my problem. I am fachooched with a Miss Leonore Integral, she is a Tech Coed iniology, Course 7. She is beautiful. I love her. She thinks I am cute, she uses me for a ginny pig when we do our homework together. I like it.

I wonder if I am normal. I think technology is woderful. I like all my courses, espeshully M.S. where I am an assistant corporal. I feel at not enough time at Tech is devoted to scientific subjects. Too much time is spent on libral arts. I think that english, history, and philosophy is a waste of time. I use my slide rule and Burington, read it in my spare time.

I hate Harvuhd. The place is pendubel. I reed voodoo all the time. I cannot read it, but the churs are nice. They amuse me. Magoon amuses me too. I think he is wonderful. I like his tee. He's cute. The girls at his tures are cute too.

I think Saturday nite dances could be abolished. There is no better time in the week to study. Always study on Saturday nite. I have a problem. My problem is, I normal? Sometimes I wonder. Cincerely yours,

Rasmussen Q. Petrol, '51  
(Editor's Note): Dear Rasmussen,  
You have no problem. You are perfectly normal Techman. Tech full of men like you. We, not you, have the problem. You are good saving. May God have mercy on your soul, if you have one.

## Electrical Engineers Should Run Institute Affairs, Says Physics Research Associate At Interview

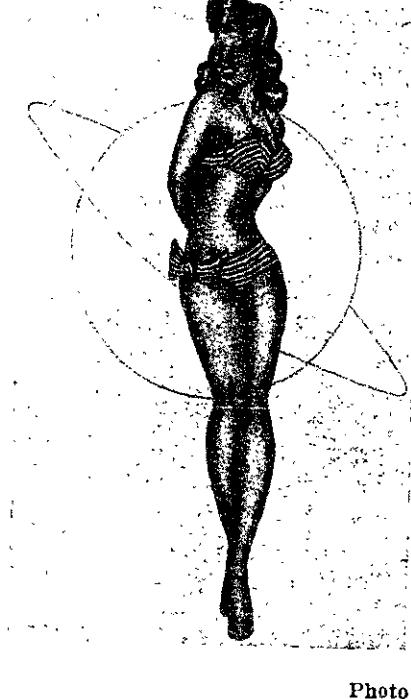
### Ras. Q. Petrol Upsets All Plans; Picks Beauty Contest Winner

Immediately upon learning that this Fido issue was to be dedicated to him, Rasmussen "Rah Rah" Petrol burst into the offices of The Tech and demanded that he be put in charge of the beauty contest at the J.P. With a sweeping gesture of his left arm, Rasmussen quieted our vigorous protests and leafed through the collection of pictures which had been submitted to us by hopeful students.

After three minutes of salivary deliberation, Rasmussen regained control of himself and announced that his entry to the contest would outdo any other. He then quickly whipped out his wallet, unlocked the three Yale locks protecting it, and with a furtive glance over his shoulder to make sure that no members of the Watch and Ward Society were present, revealed to our startled eyes a picture of his girl—Leonore D. Integral.

After our singed eyebrows finally managed to again achieve control over our eyeballs—we saw why the last named was quite fitting and proper. After all, only once in a lifetime does a man find an integral over which he would like to integrate the entire surface. However, the only trouble with Rasmussen's gal's picture was that she was in a very brief two-piece plastic bathing suit. After several minutes of discussion involving what once happened to Esquire Magazine, we decided that Leonore was the winner, but that we would not be able

### BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER



Photo

Our artist's sketch from a photograph of Miss Leonore D. Integral, chosen as Beauty Contest winner by Rasmussen Q. (Rah-Rah) Petrol.

to print her picture, but rather the sketch of her which appears above.

In his kind graciousness, Rasmussen chose the next nine contenders for the crown of the beauty at the J.P.—and Ras even favored us with a comment on each. So, here goes—with a quick explanation that the order of listing does

(Continued on Page 2)

### Administration And Scholarship In Same Hands

As an aftermath to the recent, unprecedented (in) flux of Electrical Engineering students to Technology which resulted in making the E.E. staff and course largest at the Institute, Research Associate J. Waterworth Putzheimer (Physics) has called on President Karl T. Compton (Physics) to resign in the interest of the welfare of the Institute.

Mr. Putzheimer's plan suggests that Dr. Compton first appoint an E.E. staff member as Executive Vice-President, who would become President upon K.T.'s resignation. This move is, of course, designed to give the E.E.'s administrative as well as scholastic control of the Institute.

"The stalemate between the mks and the cgs systems cannot continue indefinitely," said Mr. Putzheimer at his press-conference yesterday, "under my plan the blame for short-circuiting Institute policy will lie entirely with the E.E.'s."

The E.E.'s themselves, still lit up over their recent sweep of staff positions, refrained from comment, but an authoritative source declared late last night that Professor Sucker was most favored for the job in case Mr. Putzheimer's plan succeeds.

President Compton, in transit between his home on Memorial Drive and the Institute could not be reached by press time. Both Mayor Curley and Professor Magoun had no comment to make.

## All The News Unfit To Print

THIS IS WHY:

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flakes and juices

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nd cleanses smoke

filter is stained from

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ALTERED SMOKE IS

MILDER SMOKING

FILTERS

ROYAL DEMUTH

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# The Tech



LXVI

Friday, November 15, 1946

No. 26

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Business Manager .....  
Or .....

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## INTERNAL REVENUE

With activities at Technology assuming their pre-war full schedule, the Institute Committee is hard-pressed to meet the financial demands of some of the ex-defuncts. In order to gain an added amount of income other than from the student tax, the Budget Committee, *The Tech* proposes that the Institute Committee supervise the installation of pay toilets throughout the Institute.

We are highly doubtful as to whether or not the Budget chairman had even considered this all-important, and steady source of revenue. With the right amount of motivating force applied by the various and sundry greasy spoons, armpits, or what have you surrounding the Institute, this idea could soon come a paying proposition for shrdu.

The added funds gained from this device would go well towards financing such an organization as the Society for the Reservation of Course XXV, which would undoubtedly put the money to good use. Perhaps it could see its way clear installing beer in the drinking fountains. They should even be able to obtain a discount from the Institute by buying beer from the Institute brewery purchased not so long ago. Rumor has it that the proposed Faculty Club will have pipelines installed directly from the brewery, so there should not be much difficulty in routing a few to Building 10.

The Dormitory Committee, also feeling the pinch of 1946 prices, could do well to follow the lead set by the Institute Committee, and install pay toilets in all units, including their fraternal annex, Building 22. Funds thus gathered could be put to good use in anti-room-stacking measures. Of course, final dispensation of the money rests with the Committee.

*The Tech* naturally expects a 10% cut for the suggestion.

## In The Spotlight

### F. JOHN LAMMER-HEE

Strike the ports, bend down your dress blues, and dash for the scuttlebutt, mate, for now at last joy reigns supreme in Room 2-270. That fearsome tyrant, that rollicking buccaneer of complex functions, that sterling integrator, come hell or high water, F. John Lammer-Hee has now at last passed on to Davy Jones' locker. And no longer will that scourge of the poop-deck roam free in the corridors of the Math department.

But let me start at the beginning, mates, back at the beginning of our cruise—30 September, 1946—when we first came to know F. John Lammer-Hee. Our first mistake was not to recognize this short tyrant as our instructor and when we sidled up to him and queried, "Say, bub, who's the character who's supposed to teach this M21 business," we were propelled backwards by the voluminous glast of air which announced that he was the big cheese.

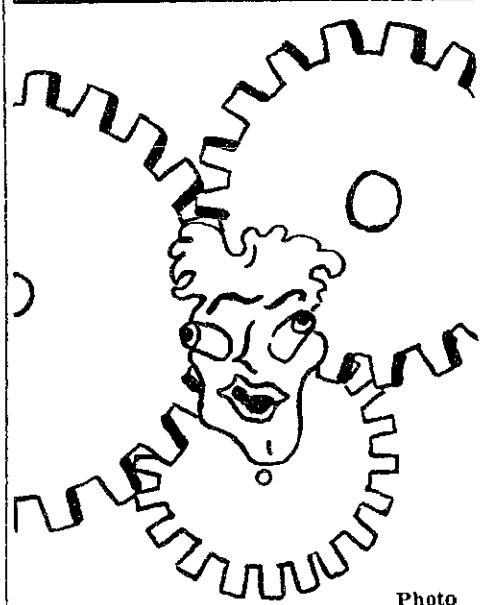
But how were we supposed to know—he was dressed in a red flannel shirt, black pants, and he looked as bright as anyone else around.

The next day when F. John appeared in class—his appearance was greatly changed—for lo and behold!—there was our master dressed in the garb of a looey j.g. An undercurrent of dissension was heard in the class—especially from the front row composed of all former ETM's. And even as far back as the last row one could hear the words "Chicken—crock—"

But except for his dress, F. John gave no further indication that either he had previously been an officer, or whether his clothes were in the laundry and someone had lent him the officer's clothes. Of course we had to salute the quarter-deck when we came into the room, and naturally we had to ask the captain's permission before we left the class—but queerer things had happened before—and how could we be sure that F. John was a true son of the—sea.

To be sure, the first test we took had the words Alnav and BuPers on the top—but who were we to argue. The test itself was a loo-lu—and in consideration, F. John announced that of the ten examples he had put on the board, 8 could not be done by methods we had studied and the other 2 had no answers—but regardless, we had to do 6 problems.

True, the papers came back graded on the basis of 4.0 as the highest mark—but what the heck. Things progressed as they will, and as we entered the study of vectors



Photo

Cog in the wheels of progress?  
all was serene up in Room 2-270. Here F. John was faced with the dilemma of explaining about three planes perpendicular to each other. Not hesitating the slightest bit, F. John Lammer-Hee announced: "And for example we can take this corner of the room, where we have three perpendicular planes, the two bulkheads and the deck—"

That's all that F. John ever got to say that day, for as the bell for chow rang, he was seen mournfully walking a plank extending out of the Math department office window—muttering to himself "and if we take all values of large N greater than small n and we find that the difference is smaller than any number epsilon—"

### Beauty Contest

(Continued from Page 1)  
not indicate any special position in the first nine.

Mrs. C. W. Ritterhoff of Newton Center—"Lucky Mr. Ritterhoff"

Barbara Daniels—"A long wolf howl, and a quick hubba hubba."

Barbara L. Reade—"What is it that Barbara's got?"

Teresé De Courcy—"Come lean against our car sometime."

Barbara Hunt—"Another Barbara—a low hung whistle!"

Rosamond V. Muldoon of Simmons College—"Come across the bridge and see us."

Ellen Van Deusen—"We'll be out to Wellesley to see you."

Joan Godfrey—"Oh how sweet."

Janice Bernstein—"Girl we'd like to accompany to California or . . ."

Hey, on second thought—Rasmussen isn't even going to the Prom. He never goes to dances—especially at night. We've been robbed. . . .

# Q. Petrol Dies In ROTC Slaughter

DEFIES NEWTON



Photo

Russin Q. is a scholar  
he is an athlete too

Russin says nuts to Newton  
he doesn't believe in gravity  
find out  
he

## Cadets, Officers Killed In Droves As Joker Loads ROTC Rifles; Blame Placed On Course XV Men

### *Here's Tech—TIH Makes Life Miserable With Fiendish Torture*

One of the least-publicized, but most active organizations at the Institute is the T.I.H. (Tech is Hell, let's keep it that way!) Society. Under the expert leadership of Mr. T. P. Paltry, T.I.H. is doing its best to keep Technology from becoming even remotely enjoyable for the average student.

The society holds monthly dinner meetings at Walton's where the milder tortures, which have been suggested during the past month, are weeded out; on the more fiendish ones the Society makes plans to have them approved by the Institute.

At every meeting a prize is awarded for the "Dilly of the Month." The prize for November went to Professor K. W. Louie last week for his suggestion that thermodynamics students be required to memorize the steam-tables to three places, to avoid their becoming "cook-book engineers." The award was a gold-plated noose.

Other pleasures, for which the

organization is currently striving, include two-hour mid-term exams; hot water only in the drinking fountains around the Institute; no secretaries for members of the staff under the rank of full Professor; and separate classes for co-eds to be taught by members of the Society.

Besides Mr. Paltry and Professor Louie, members of the Society include A. J. Minor, J. M. Hammerhead, Rasmussen Q. Petrol and S. F. (straight Five) Brown (student representatives.) These men have been carefully selected by the President of the Institute and the Institute Committee to make the organization representative of the various departments.

T.I.H. welcomes any suggestions sent in by our readers, which The Tech will gladly forward. Poison gas capsules, bombs and other explosive packages, however, should be sent directly to the T.I.H. Society c/o Voo Doo office, 3rd floor, Walker Memorial.

### Fisher Displays Valor; Petrol Dies In Line Of Duty

Seventeen students and thirteen officers were killed and scores of others badly injured today when some unidentified practical joker loaded all the rifles in the Arms Room of the Military Science Department with live ammunition. The first lists of the dead or fatally injured include: Colonels Joseph E. Doakes and H. L. Jaxon, Major O. G. R. Bakin, and cadets Doughfoot, Riteface, E. G. Beaver, and R. Q. Petrol.

The first implications that a maladroit hand had been at work came when resounding explosions were heard in the corridors of Building 1. Contrary to all previous instruction and all military precedent, a number of students, described by M.S. headquarters as "ill-advised," had discharged their fire-arms inside the building.

The real slaughter began when the students emerged from the Institute and crossed Massachusetts Avenue. The discovery that their rifles would emit loud noises and eject cartridges seemed to elate them. A number of cadets, evidently unbalanced by the shock of discovering that they now controlled a lethal weapon, began to fire in all directions.

#### Petrol Leaks All Over

One of the first to fall under the withering fire was Rasmussen Q. Petrol, a student in Course LXVII, who died while crossing Massachusetts Avenue. His friend and bosom companion, Holocaust M. Gasoline, described the demise to a Tech reporter as follows: "He din' have a chance. Not the chance of a calorie in a snowstorm. He was just getting a bead on Major Horsehide when they got him. They were yellin' somethin' about the major bein' their's. Poor Rasmussen, first they threw him outa' the Barracks, now this. It makes ya wonder." Still wondering, Gasoline was led

(Continued on Page 7)

## charlie-the-tech-tailor

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OPPOSITE DORMS

## M. I. T. DINING HALLS

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SERVICE TO THE STUDENT BODY

### OFFICIAL NOTICE

The Institute Committee has announced the organization of a new activity, the Voodoo Organization of M.I.T., henceforth to be known as VOMIT. As indicated by its name VOMIT plans on being very active in Institute activities and has organized a complete schedule of activities for the semester.

One of the first reforms VOMIT will undertake is the improvement of the Cambridge atmosphere which has been responsible for nauseating many a Techman, especially in the middle of a quiz. The Institute urges all students eligible to come out for VOMIT.